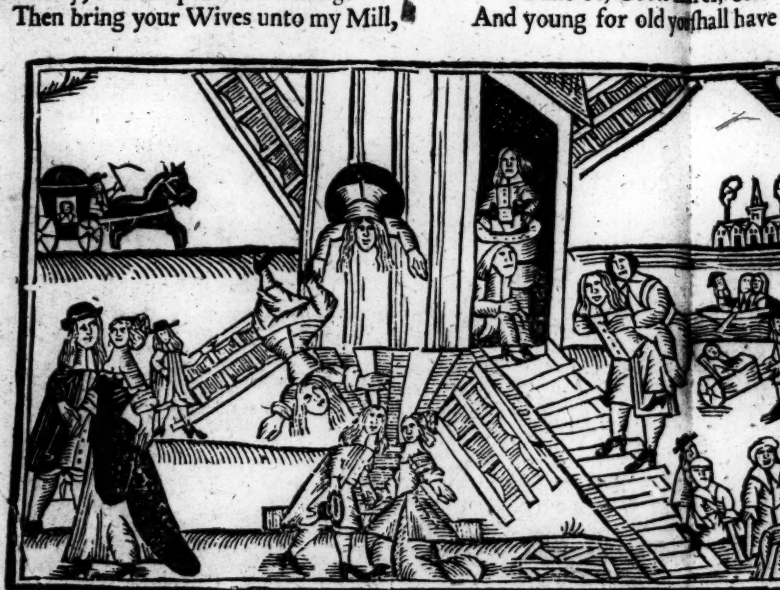
The *Dutch*-Miller, and New Invented Wi[n]-Mill

An exact deſcription of a rare Artiſt newly come into Engl[a]nd, who undertak[e]o Grind a[ll] men; whether old, decriped, wrinckled, blear-eyed, long noſed, blind, lame, ſcold[i]alous, ang[r]y thers whatſoever: he'l ingage they ſhall come out of his Mill, young, active, pleſant, handſo[me] loving, kind and rich, without any defect, or deformity, and juſt ſuitable to their Husband[s] diſpoſitions, as he hath often experienced in other Countries where he hath made practic[e] rich for money, and the poor for nothing.

Tune of, Cook Larel, &c.

Then bring your Wives unto my Mill,
And young for old you ſhall have



I Am a brave Miller but newly come o're,
Of ſuch a rare Artiſt you ne'r heard before,
For with my new Mill ſuch rare feats I have done,
Ile grind your old women, and make them all young.

Then ſtay a while gallants, and make not ſuch haſt,
Till you of my Office have taken a taſte;
'Tis worth your attention, if that you will be,
Made free from all troubles, and live happily.

There's many a married man I dare to ſay,
Could wiſh that I ſooner had come this way:
For never a Doctor in the whole land,
Can do ſuch rare cures as you ſhall underſtand.

For he that is married unto a crols ſcold,
Or to an old Granny of ninety years old:
They needs muſt commend me or elſe do me wrong,
If I grind them both till they'r patient and young.

The Old, the decriped, the blind, and the lame,
I'le make them all active and fit for the game:
Nay, ſhe that's ſo old, that ſhe's bed-rid with age,
Ile make her young again, I will engage.

He that hath a mind to a Widdow
And fain would be married to fin[d]
Bring her to my Mill, and I'le gr[ind]
That ſhe may be young again, han[d]

The man that is troubled with a
That's crols and untoward, and
If once in my Hopper I have her
Be ſure ſhe'l come out in a far bet

And ſhe that's deformed and hath
Though crooked like Mother Ship
Ile grind her until ſhe be handſom
And fit for a Gallant to play wit

View here but my picture, and n
And ſee how my cuſtomers flocke
You may be aſſured I pleaſe the[m]
Each man is ſo ready to bring in

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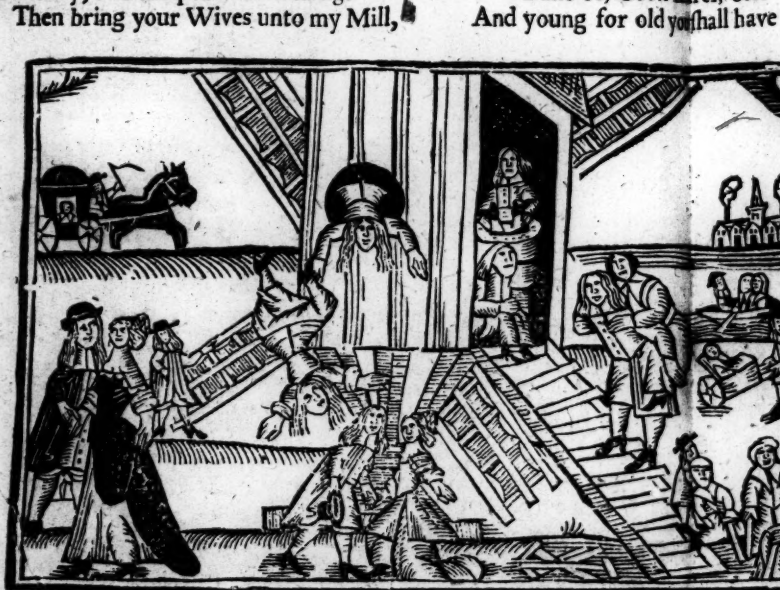

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-Miller; Or,

o Grind all sorts of Wo-
alous, angry, poor, or all o-
nt, handsome, wise, modest,
r Husbands humours, and
le practice of his Art. The
el, &c.
hall have still.

ldow that's old,
to finger her gold,
'le grind her so small,
n, handsome and all.
ith a jealous wife,
and weary of's life:
her to grind,
ar better mind.
hath a long nose,
Shipton she goes,
ndsom and right,
with all night.
nd mark well my Mill,
ocketh in still:
them to'th life,
ng in his wife.
e on my back,
see, a pick pack;
r, i'le pass you my word,
a bit for a Lord.

The second part, to the same Tune.

THere's honest Jack Doe-little to ease his sorrow,
Takes pains to put his wife in a wheel-barow,
But yet he labours all for his own ends, (mends.
Because when she's ground she will make him as

The Water-man hath got three in his boat,
And each one h' th promis'd to give him a groat,
For they are resolved no money to spare,
So they may but once again be Market-ware.

There is an old Woman that sits by my Stone,
She is at her Prayers and making her moan,
Let any one heave her but up to my Mill,
Ile make her as young as the best of them still.

There's Will he is hugging his wife by the middle,
And he is resolved to find out the Riddle,
So she may be young again, for his own part,
He cares not if she be ground until she fart.

A Coach full of Ladies you here may behold,
That now are deformed and grown very old,
If I have but wind, I will miss of my aim,
If they may not live to be fit for the game.

You see there is Monsieur hath got his new wife,
She past from the Mill, and is now come to life;
Before she was crooked, and peevish and blind,
But now she is beautiful, pleasant and kind.

So Taffie likewise doth bow to the ground,
To see that a young for an old he hath found,
Kind Complements he now to heo doth afford,
Who formerly never gave him a good word.

By this you may see what an Artist I am,
To make an old Scold be as meek as a Lamb:
You that have bad wives and do hear of my Mill,
If you will not come you may stay away still.

And he that is poor, and hath got a bad wife,
Let him take my counsel to rid him of strife,
Bring her to my Hopper, i'le shake her about,
And she shall be rich enough when she comes out.

All this i'le perform at a very small rate,
The Rich shall pay little, the poor not a groat:
Then say such a Miller is now come ashore,
That can do such feats as was ne'r done before.

Then come along Customers, pray come away,
Make hast, for I have but a while for to stay:
When once I am gone, 'tis too late to repent,
Then lay out your Money before 'tis all spent.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.